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SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1889.

THEOLD RELIABLE The Johnstown Stage.

By ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

D. & J. B. WHITEHEAD City of Rocks was losing its sharp out-tines in the radiating heat of a July after-noon. The unbroken, gray sage brush plain surrounding it had already lost its one outline, the horizon, and now merged itself in the distance of its own dustin The void between glaring plain and glar-ing sky was filled with hot silence. It was the silence of solitude undisturbe by humanity: for the only human habitation in the City of Rocks was the stage station, and that, in its square, uncor promising adaptation to its uses, seemed lonelier than the rough, but sometimes beautiful, and always fantastic, stone formations around it.

The Johnstown stage was due at City The Johnstown stage was due at City of Rocks at 5 o'clock. About that hour a man in a fiannel stirt, dirty soldler trousers tucked in his boots and a slouch hat on the back of his bronzed, bearded, unkempt head, materialized in the obscurity of the doorway of the station house, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked down the road. As he stood there, a cloud of dust became visible in the distance. It floated and wavered nearer and nearer, until the wavered nearer and nearer, until the creaking and jingling of dry wood, leather and metal, and the pounding of hoofs, were heard. Then, as the cloud hoofs, were heard. Then, as the cloud approached the station, an apparition of two horses and a stage coach was seen within it. The cloud stopped in front of the house, the dust settled, and the coach, coated inside and out with the white powder, was disclosed. The driver, looking like a miller, laid his whip on the roof and prepared to descend. The station keeper, who, mean DRUG STORE. scend. The station keeper, who, mean-while, had stepped out into the road and silently commenced to unbook the traces, looked up for the first time. The next KANSAS moment he dropped the trace with an exclamation of wonder, while his hand slowly but instinctively sought the re-volver which hung in a belt loosely about his hips. For a few seconds he scrutin-ized the face of the man who was swing-Drugs, Paints, Oils, Brushes Window ing himself down from the box, and then his look of surprise changed to one of recognition, his hand relaxed its hold on the pistol, and he said heartily, "Well, I'll be durned! Lieutenant, is that you?

Yhy, what's come of Jim? He was taken sick down by Shotgun creek and had to lay off at the milk Also keeps a Fine Line Of CIGRS constantly in Stock ranch," said the man addressed, taking off his hat and beating out the dust against his leg. He was tall and broad shouldered, but slender, and was dressed in the same manner as the station keeper even to the revolver, which hung about his hips. His voice and bearing, how-ever, the only characteristics unaffected by the dust, betrayed a difference be-

"Sick, nothing!" exclaimed the hostler, in a tone of disgust, taking out the straw which he held between his teeth and throwing it energetically on the ground.
"That fellow's al'ays sick! I'm durned Store, That fellow's allays sick! I'm durned of I don't blieve he's weakened sence Whistling Dick jumped his stage last month! He's yeard that the paymaster's sending his money up by express this trip to pay off the boys at the feet, and he's aleared be'll git jumped agin, durn him! That's w'at's the matter. It leaves the important of the continued on the sentine of the continued of the continu Having purchased the corner Drug Store we me in a purty fix!" he continued.

"Frank's out after stock, and there's no
one yere but me. Who's goin to take
the stage on?"

"I'll take it on as far as Pack City, if shall be pleased to meet all our old friends, assur-

you like," said the lieutenant. "The old man will find some one there to take Jim's place easy enough."

The station keeper, without replying, mechanically resumed his duttes of taking out the horses, and watched them well taking the company of t

meditatively as they walked slowly of to the stables. Then finally turning to the lieutenant, with the air of one whose mind is made up, he said: "By thunder, I guess that's the only thing we kin do. I can't leave yere. I wouldn't have a head of stock left by the time I got back. Them damned Injuns is gittin' worse and worse, not to mention the hoss thieves and rode agents that's gittin thicker's fleas on a dog's back. It's sort o' crowd in' you, though, licutenant, and I don't know what the old man'll say." "He won't say thank you, at any rate," aid the lieutenant.

"You kin gamble on that," said the hostler, approvingly. "Who's this Johnny come lately? he added, as a passenger from the inside of the stage strolled toward them. Jim said he was a stock man." the lieutenant; "he's billed for Pack

"Jim!" growled the hostler, contemptu-Jim's a stranger himself in these How should be know?" And when the traveler, an elderly man, joined them with a sociable remark that "it was purty tol'able warm," the hostler vented his scorn for Jim by ignoring him altogether and continuing his talk with the lieutenant about way bills express, mail and other stage mat-ters. But the passenger, appearing in no wise affected by this lack of cordiality, held his ground, and, if he did not join in the conversation, listened to it so per-sistently that the hostler finally turned to him and said, rather sarcustically, "Stranger, is there anything I can do fer

"Well, no. pard," replied the traveler, good humoredly, "there's nothin' you kin do fer me; but I reckon you kin do somethin' fer thet lady inside; she's petered plumb out and the kid's yelling

At this the amateur driver walked over to the stage door and looked in. There was the usual litter of mail bags and small bundles and smell of dust and and small bundles and smell of dust and leather. Addressing the woman, who, in a long linen duster and with a veil over her face, reclined limply in one corner, half holding a crying baby, the lieutenant said, "Supper station, madam."

This announcement producing no reply, he repeated it in a louder tone. The only result was an added force to the baby's cries.

"I reckon she's fainted," said the other passenger, appearing at his eibow with a cup of water, "try this yere."

The tieutenant got inside, followed by the old man, to whom he unceremoniously handed the baby. Taking out his pocket flask he mixed a little whisky and water, and pushing the veil up from off the unconscious mouth, he succeeded in partially reviving the exhausted woman. "Now, then," he said, in an authoritative tone, "you must come outside in the open air, and wash your face and hands; that will brace you up quicker than anything. Then when you have had some dinner you will be all right. We haven't much time, "he added. The woman obediently arose, but, cramped and worn out by the long day's ride, had to be assisted to the ground. She succeeded in walking over to the water trough, and sitting down on its edge, silently took her baby. The dieutenant brought her a basin and towel, and left her to her toilet. Presently he returned and said, "Supper is ready."

"Thank you, I don't want any supper," was the reply.

As he beard her speak for the first "I reckon she's fainted," said the other

interest was awakened. Besides, is would be very inconvenient to have her faint on the road. "I hope you won't think me obtrusive," he said, modulating his tone respectfully, "but you must have something. If you would prefer it, I will bring it out here." Then she looked up half repentfully, half curiously, evidently thinking that this was a very odd stage driver. At last she said: "You are giving yourself needless trouble, but as you insist upon

needless trouble, but as you insist upon it, I will take a cup of tea and a little uilk for the haby."

If her purpose was to rid herself of his importunities, her request was very effective. Tea! Milk! The licetenant returned to the station house thoughtfully pulling his mustache. "Now," he said pulling his mustache. "."ow." he said to himself, "that is liften woman! Why couldn't she ask for oysters and cham-

"Nate," he said, doubtfully, to the hostler, "you don't happen to have such a thing as—us tea about the house, do "Why not?" replied the station keeper,

"Oh, I don't mean any sage brush wash," rejoined the lieutenant, impatiently, "I'm talking about store tea."
"Well, that's what I'm talking about," "Nate," said the lieutenant, drawing out his flask, "take a drink."
And in a few minutes he was carrying out a cup of ten and some crackers to the water trough, unconscious of the elaborate wink with which Nate, restored

somewhat to good humor by the unex-pected drink, favored the elderly pas-"He's hell!" said Nate, admir ingly.

The lieutenant found the object of his solicitude as he had left her enduring

the discomfort of her condition with a lent patience.

"You are very good," she said, more gently, but in the same even tone of a superior. Evidently this woman was accustomed to being waited on. "I suppose that condensed milk will do for the baby," said the licutement; "have you anything to put it in?" Yes; certainly, the baby had a bottle.

But, alas! a search for the bottle revealed the fact that it must have been jolted out of the stage while the mother was "What shall I-do!" she exclaimed, her

what shall f-do: she exclaimed, her fortitude suddenly forsaking her. "He won't drink out of a cup, and I am aftaid he is hungry now." Evidently tears were gathering behind the veil, tears that she never would have shed for herself. "Oh, I can fix that easy enough," said

the stage driving lieutenant, consolingly.

Quickly entering the house once more, for time was getting precious, and the beans were getting cold, he seized an empty beer bottle, washed it out, filled it with a hot mixture of condensed milk, drove the cork in tight, pared the cork down to a convenient size, and pierced it with a saddler's awl; then to piece of linen from his handkerchief, he



There," he said, "I think that will work There." he said to the disconsolate mother "I think that will work. I once raised a litter of puppies on no better

lessly at this cumbrous device, anxiously watched the infant's attempts to manage it. The lieutenant, notwithstanding that the beans were getting cold, looked on with almost as much interest. An expression of contentment gradually stole over the buby's face. Evidently the hotthe met with its entire approval. Then the mother gave the child a quick, de-lighted hug, and with a little, low laugh of relief, turned her veiled face to the driver and said, but this time her voice trembled: "You are so kind! How can I thank you?

But be only replied with an amused smile, and instinctively, though care-lessly, lifting his hat, he went back to his supper of cold pork and beams, while the eyes behind the veil followed him with a look of increasing surprise and

The stage, when it left City of Rocks, was twenty minutes late. But the jack rabbits, which laid back their ears and scudded at its approach, found it no mean rival that afternoon.

bet \$10 he makes it up afore he gits to Stony creek, and not turn a hair! said the station keeper to himself. Then, after a further contemplation of the fast receding cloud of dust, he added in a more reckless tone: "I'll bet \$10 he makes it up afore he gits to Dick Day's ranch, and not turn a hair!" As no one accepted either of these generous propositions, he shook his head and remarked confidentially: There ain't many kin copper the lieutenant, now, if you year me!" and, disappearing in the gleom of the interior of the house, City of Rocks was left once more to the hot silence of its funtastic stones.

The sun was setting behind Bald Butte as the Johnstown stage approached the five mile grade which led down to Stony creek. The air was growing cool. The rabbits, looking like aage bushes in motion, flitted about in the twilight. A colony of prairie owls, posting themselves at intervals along the road, accompanied the intruding vehicle through their territory, the head of the line rising as the stage drew near and gravely flying down to take station at the foot, until. the danger departed, they solemnly with-drew. Down the grade the stage went, drew. Down the grade the stage went, with the driver on the brake and the horses trotting loosely in their harness, until, with a final joit and lurch, they fetched up on the bank of Stony creek. The driver swung himself off the box, and taking an iron pail out of the box, proceeded to water his horses. The elderly passenger emerged from the stage with a tin cup, and scooping up some of the bright, cold water from the noisy mountain stream, gallantly took noisy mountain stream, gallantly took it to the lady inside. Then, helping himself, he said to the driver, with a laugh:
"I jedge you've been making up time.
Ye herded 'em along pretty lively down thet grade.

position in which he found himself had responsibilities that discouraged sociability. Going to the other side of the stage he got out his overcost and put it on. It

"No, thank you," said the lieutenant,
"I don't drink on the box."
"Right you are!" said his companion;
"well, here's luck! You h'aint ben long
on the line, I take it?"
"No," said the lieutenant.

"I was up in this section a couple o years ago," continued the passenger,
"and I kinder thought I didn't rec'ect
your face. It's a fine country up yere,
but it ain't as fine a country as some I've een. Was you ever up around Sin-e-ab qua-teen?"
No, the Heutenant had never been to

Sin-e-ah-qua-teen.
"Well, sir," continued the passenger, enthusiastically, "that's a fine country, and a mighty curious one, too; the curi-ousest I ever seen. Me an' my pardner

and a mighty curious one, too; the curiousest I ever seen. Me an'my pardner was in there one summer and found inions as big as my two fists, and the next day, when we struck up along the Pend'Oreille, we got into seven foot o'snow. When we got down into Kootenai, along Pack river, they was taking out a heap o'gold. Then we struck St. Mary's river, and, gentlemen! I never did see sech a place for fish. All them rivers rise in takes, and I was told by an old Hudson Bay man, that had been with the company nigh onto forty year, that they never had found no bottom to the lakes. And fish! Whew! I throwed in a fly and I could see hundreds o'them fish, four and five pound big, jest race fer it. Me and my pardner staved there a week and had a right pleasant time, only fer a little high that started and ended up in some right smart shooting. Six fellows got killed and a lot more wound d. They was gamblers mostly, and they made it up to go out six agin six, at ten paces, with their revolvers. They didn't keer noways. I laid off in the bush and watched them. laid off in the bush and watched them. They started out as quiet as I'd go out to cut rails, and stood up as straight as so many snipe. Them fellows had heaps of sand—I didn't see ne'er a pistol barrel shake. I could tell by their physiogs that they have could tell by their physiogs. that there was a woman at the bo of it. There was some women along with the outfit; and I says to one of them afterwards, says i. We've got to bury yere dead men. It seems sort of rough that so many healthy fellows should go under of a sudden, now, don't it? And she says, Yes; women makes

agree that there are times when women's powerful handy to have around. You don't happen to be married, do you?"
"No," said the lieutenant, beginning to be amused and entertained by his lopractions companion. "I am not mar

furned of she warn't right. The I'll

power o trouble sometim

The stage had commenced to second the grade on the other side of Stony The road wound up through canyon, or gulch, in the bottom of which was the dry led of a winter torrent. It was a long, tedious pull to the top of the mesa, and the horses had to take their time to it. Notwithstanding that a thin line of light on the brow of a distant nountain signaled that the moon had risen, it was very dark in the canyon; so dark, that although the lieutenant kept peering ahead of the horses, he could see but little more than a bend of the wind-ing road faintly defined by the denser obscurity on each side of it. The passenger himself, notwithstanding his stendy flow of talk, seemed affected by the surrounding gloom, and maintained an alert gaze upon the side of the road.
"You see," he continued, "I had a wife myself once, so I know something \$35,000 in the Frazer river excitement Then I come up yere, and laid out a ranch on Mud river. But my wife, she got sick, and I spent all the money I had left in taking her down agin, and in doctoring. Well, air, when she died, and I came back yere with the little fellows, I found my ranch gone plumb to the devil. Six inches of snow on the ground and the little fellows barefoot, and not a dol-lar in my pocket and nothing to eat. I

was blue. I tell you, pard, if ever a man were blue, I was that man! I jest tuk off my hat and throwed it on the ground, and looked all around. But I didn't and looked all around. But I didn't throw up no sponge. I tuk to splittin' rails, and inside of a mooth I sold 'em to the guv'ment at the Sahatlin agency, and cleaned up a hundred dollars. I'm doin' tol'able well now, the country round my way's gittin' settled up. 'Pears like to able well now, the country round my way's gittin' settled up. Pears like Oregon's spittin' all her webfeet into that section. I got my eve on some o' these yere immigrants, and I'll pick up another wife some day, a young un about 16, that I kin larn. I'm purty good on the physiog. I don't want no widows, they're larnt all ready to yer hand but they know too. eady to yer hand, but they know too

The lieutenant laughed, and spoke to his horses, which were showing a restive disinclination to proceed. They were almost at the top of the grade now. A clump of scrub oaks at the head of the canyon was in sight. The shadows here were very dense by contrast with the moonlight, which lay in the open beyond. It was at these shadows that the horses were pricking their ears. The horses were pricking their ears. The lieutenant cracked his whip over the unruly animals, but as he did so he looked sharply in the direction of the oaks. Was not something moving there? Or was it the mounlight shadows playing their usual tricks on highly strung nerves? Then he remembered that there was a spring under those oaks, and that cattle were always around it, or, per iaps, a stray deer from the mountain might have come there to drink. His military training and frontier experience made him guard against unreasoning slarm. At the same time, the station keeper's open secret that the paymaster's funds were aboard flashed across his mind. It would never do for him, an Fargo's box to the first road agent who asked for it. Professional pride, if naught else, forbade it. He said nothing o the man at his side, but under cover of his cape he slipped the lines and whip into his left hand, and with his right cocked the revolver in his pocket. The elderly passenger, notwithstanding that his eyes were also fastened on the clump of caks, seemed quite unsuspicious and and continued to talk.

"I reckon I can git another wife easy enough. I know a fellow that come into that section, only a little while ago, with-out a dollar, and he married a right purty gal, only 16, and he's older than

A shrill whistle suddenly startled the A shrill whistle suddenly startled the silence of the night. The passenger on the box, almost without a pause, leaned over, and laying one hand on the lines with the other pointed a pistol at the driver's head, and said, but no longer in the accents of an uneducated person:

"Hold up your hands, lieutenant!" At the same instant a man with a masked face and holding a gun appeared in the middle of, the road and stopped the horses. The lieutenant turned pale and stared

The lieutenant turned pale and stared in amazement at the man by his side.

"It's no use," said the elderly passenger, sternly, "We've got the drop on you! Be quick, or I'l"—

"Well," said the lieutenant, defeatedly, "you have got the drop on me, for a fact!" And, drawing a long breath, he slowly raised his arms. But when his left elbow was as high as his shoulder, with his right hand he pressed the trigger of the revolver in his pocket.

There was a muffled report, a shrick, and a curse, followed by another report, then another, and another, confused and then another, and another, confused an

ntermingled, the sharp crack of the rifle ringing out over the duller noise of the pistols. When the sounds ceased, the pistols. When the sounds ceased, the man in the read was crawling on his hands and knees toward the shudow of the oaks whence he had emerged. There was no one on the box but the lieutenant, and he was standing erect. The next moment he pitched head first over the dash board on to the off horse's back, and from there rolled on to the road, it needed but this to good the frightened animals into a stampede, and with the lines under their heels, kicking and shying, they galloped out over the prairie.

It is not easy for two horses to run away with a Concord coach, especially after coming up Stony creek grade. And after coming up Stony creek grade. And so, after the stage had lumbered and lurched at their heels for a half mile or so, the houser came down to a trot, and then to a walk, and finally stood still,

for a second flight. The moment that the vehicle stopped the velical face of the lady passenger appeared at the door, and her terror stricken voice cried, but al-most inaudibly, "My God! what has hap-

Aroused from a troubled sleep by the report of a pistol, followed by a man's shriek, more shots, curses and groams, she had opened her eyes just in time to see a heavy body fall over the wheel and on to the ground. Then the stage had started forward, the wheel going over the thing on the ground with a sickening jolt. As the stage bounded on, she had been thrown violently to and fro, clinging convulsively to her baby, unhad been thrown violently to and fro, clinging convulsively to her baby, unable to realize what this grisly horror of the night might be. With shaking hands she now unfastened the door, and steping out found herself alone in the awful silence and solitude of the night.

Hark! what was that? She tore her veil from her head, and with it came her hat. Great masses of black hair fell down her shoulders, and a white, young face shone out in the moonlight, lovely seen in its terror. The acies was but the

down her shoulders, and a white, young face shone out in the moonlight, lovely even in its terror. The goise was but the piping of an insect, but & sounded like a distant shriek. Then the wind stirred the dry buffalo grass, and it seemed to the panic stricken woman as though it was the voices of men pursuing. Her hair arcse, and all the blood in her body rallied in her heart. She would have fainted had it not been for the wasiling of allied in her nears. Some wailing of ainted had it not been for the wailing of ainted had it not been for the wailing of should she do? Her first impulse was to run from what might be behind her. But her feeble limbs failed at the sight of the wide plains and obstructing auge brush. If she could but get upon the stage and drive. She went to the horses and spoke to them. One of them whinnied in reply and that encouraged her. She crept be-tween them, talking to them all the time in trembling, beseeching tones, and got the lines out from beneath their loofs. Then holding the reins and the haby is one arm, she strambled on to the whee and from there to the driver's seat. Everything wasso big, the lines, the seat, the brake, her little feet did not reach the dash board, but rested on some sacks of barley that filled the forward boot. In this barley she made a nest for the baby dent that she was not ignorant of driv-ing. She held the lines and whip like When she was ready to start, it was ev amateur drivers of the New Coaching clubs. The horses had been restive during these prolonged prepara-tions, and they started off freely at he

And now the distraction of driving and the sense of motion diminished her first ghastly horror and replaced it with nervous excitement. She had no diffi culty in finding the road, the horses took her back to it. When she reached it. however, she stopped to look around and letermine which way led to Pack City. It would be frightful to make a mistak and drive back into that awful tragedy. She thought with a shudder of what might be there, dead or living, in the moonlit road or in the blackness of the bushes. She wondered what had become of the driver. Was it his body that she had seen fall from the stage? He mus be either dead or wounded; perhaps h was only wounded. She would back help instantly from Pack City But when she decided on the direction she still hesitated. The recollection of that tall, broad shouldered young driver, who had been so kind and courteous to her, persisted in obtruding itself on her he might be dving now for want of a little help. He had helped her in her need, he had helped her baby. In com-mon humanity ought she not to go back to his assistance? Was it not cowardly to take the stage and desert him? Long-ing to go the other way and weeping hysterically, she finally turned the re-hiciant horses toward the canyon.

The moon had lit up the vicinity of the scrub oaks by the time the stage moved slowly back on the scene. All was silent and deserted. Suddenly the horses snorted and shied at a mass of blue cloth lying in the road. The woman turned the team to one side and drove it against some trees. Then taking he haby in her arms she crept down from her perch, and, starting at every sound stole her way to the prostrate form. I ered, as ghastly white as her own, and mirched with blood and dust. she slipped her hand under his coat and laid it over his heart. It was still beat ing. Hurriedly she searched his pockets for the flask that he had used in her service but a few hours before; it was her turn now. She lifted his head and poured the raw whisky generously down his throat. He responded with a groun and a gasp that frightened her anew. and then struggled to a sitting posture. "Water!" he cried, "for God's sake, water." Then, as she besitated, he con-tinued faintly, "my hat. There's a spring

Her fear was dispelled by the sound of his voice. She found the spring, and, filling his hat, let him drink, and bathed his face and head. He revived at this treatment, and, again sitting up, took out his knife, and asked her to cut his sleeve off. "I am losing blood terribly from my arm," he explained. She from my arm." he explained. She bravely but tremblingly did as she was told. When she had cut away the sonked cloth and bared the massive arm. he helped her to improvise a tournique with his handkerchief and a piece of stick, and the bleeding was stopped After a second dose of whisky and water he commenced to improve rapidly. She bound another cloth around his head "That is what knocked me off the box. It's only a graze, but it was a mighty close call." Then he struggled to his feet, and looking around saw the stage. "They didn't get the box, did they," he cried eagerly.
"I don't know," she said, taking up her baby and hushing its cries. "I don't

think so. The horses ran away. "The horses ran away!" he said, staring wonderingly for the first time at the prefty, white face that was mised to his. Well, but—why—how did the stage get "I brought it back," she replied, low



"You brought it back?" he exclaimed:

tenant looked down at the slight form of the woman who stood before him in the the woman who stood before him in the moonlight, veiled in her own long black hair. Then, as he realized what she had done, he took off his hat and dropped it in the road, having but one available arm, and offered her his hand. She placed hers frankly within it, and he raised the little gauntlet respectfully to his lips. "You are very brave," he said with considerable feeling; "I am glad to think that perhaps I owe you my life."

The Johnstown stage was later than ever that night when it drew up in froat of Abe Goldstein's store, in Pack City. Simultaneously with its arrival the drinking and gambling saloons and other ing and gambling saloons and other places of public resort suddenly became deserted. It was said that a woman had

stage down the street to the hotel. Here a desen strong arms fairly lifted the woman from the box, while the baby was only rescued from its mob of volunteer bearded nurses by the energetic intervention of the muscular landlady. The lieutenant himself, after being enthusiastically asked to drink in the aggregate liquor enough to have stocked a wholesale whisky store, was put to bed and a messenger dispatched for the surgeon at the fort.

Meantime a little party of horsemen swiftly and sileutly rode out of the town in the direction whence the stage had come. The next day the lieutenant was informed that Whistling Dick had been found dead in the road at the head of Stony creek grade. A false gray beard had been picked up near the body, and was thoughtfully offered to the lieutenant as a memente. "We struck the other follow's trail," said his informant, "in that clump of scrub oak. He was wounded, and there wasn't any trouble in following it. We finally corrailed him down in Stony creek. But he was game, and played that gun of his for all it was worth before we took him in. You never would have guessed, now, it was worth before we took him in. You never would have guessed, now, that it was Jim Gatesby himself, the it was, for a fact. I've heard since that the express folks kind of suspicioned him of standing in on that last robbery.

One year has passed. Again the silent City of Rocks has lost its sharp outlines City of Rocks has lost its sharp outlines in the shimmering heat of a July afternoon. On the bench outside of the stage house door Nate, the station keeper, is sitting, reading a month-old newspaper. On the edge of the water trough opposite him Frank, the helper, is mending a horse collar. Presently Nate threw down the paper and said: "Well, I'll be durned!" Frank looked up inquiringly. Nate, rolling a cigarette from a piece of Nate, rolling a cigarette from a piece of brown wrapping paper, continued: "Ye rec'lect the old gen'l man from the states wot went up the line about two months after Lieut. Calverly laid out Whistling Dick and that smarty of a Jim Gatesby?' Frank nodded his head. He was a man of few words

"Ye rec'lect how many questions he asked about that little rumpus? Specially bout the lady with the kid, who showed such a heap o' sand? That old gen'l man was her father."

"I knowed that," said Frank, in a tone that resented having his interest excited. to no purpose.
"Of course ye knowed it," replies

Nate, calmiv. Didn't he perk up his head like a grass fed cayuse and tell ye so when he brought her down the line agin about two weeks afterward? Of ourse ve knowed it. Didn't he tell every nother's son all along the line that it was his daughter? Why, when he went out to the Sahatlin agency and got her to give up teachin the Injune kids and go luck home with him, they tell me that he set up the drinks for the whole durned town. But ye didn't year how it was that the lady ever come out into this country to teach siwashes, did ye? No! Well, then, the way of it was this. She bucked agin the old man in gittin married. She lowed her jedgment hid over his, but it didn't pan out worth a durn. Her hushan, was no good, and when he found her father wasn't going to chip in to help em along, he went chip in to help em along, he went back on her. But she didn't go nos-ing round the old man to be tuk back. That warn't her style. She just got an appintment as school teacher out yers, which was bout as fur away as she could git. But she hadn't no more'n gone when her husband passed in his checks in a railroad smash up. Well, the old man didn't know where she were, till one day he came across a newspaper tellin' bout the stage being jumped out yere. Then he got on to her trails and followed her up and tuk her home. Praps ye rec'lect that about two months afterward the lieutenant went back to the states. Nat'raffy. Well, I'm a sluice robber of him and she ain't got married: Yes, sir, vere it is in the pa-per. They say the old man's richer than Blue Gulch, and give 'em a couple of hundred thousand to start on. And wot's more, among the weddin' presents acription on it, as how it was presented to Lieut. and Mrs. George W. Calverly by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, 'in grateful remembrance of their gullant defense of the Johnstown stage.'

Program for Saline Co., Teachers Associution, Saturday, March t, 1889, Salina Normal University. at 1

O'clock p. m. Oral and Written Spelling VILLIAN MURPHRY Description Janes Kette, Mr. Mil. School-room Decorations. Miss Anna Hogonan. Discussion-Will Handers Electrical Phenomena.

BAILROAD TIME TABLE.

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Through Passenger trains East. p. m., 8t Joe 7:00 p. m. 3.5 p. m. for Wichita, Wellington, Caldwell, and all points wouth and worthwest.

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Description of the Blueberry.

The Biseberry is a valuable fruit and is a reliable fruit to grow in our northern states where the more tender varieties of fruits winter-kill. It is perfectly hardy, having stood 60 degrees below zero without showing any injury to the most tender bads. It ripens in this latitude about the first of July and is borne in clusters like currants; snaperound; color, reddish purple at first, but becomes a blurish black when fully ripened. The flavor is equal to the raspberry, a very mild, rich sub-arid, pronsumeed by most people, delicious. It may be served with sugar and cream or cooked a same and isopenside cannel for winter use. The plant seems to flourish in all soils and is a prolific bearer. It grows very stocky and makes a nice/hedge. The abining dark-green leaves and the bitle trult make; a pleasing contrast. The demand for the truit is great, and assuntly brings like per quart. They commence bearing the first year after setting out and yields a full crop the second and third year after setting out. They are propagated from sackers and root cutilings. The plant is about the beight and size of the currant bash and very stocky, holding the fruit well up from the ground. Plants should be set in the apring during March, April and May, for rows two or there feet apart and five or six feet between the rows, making a perfect hedge, and no grass or weeds should be allowed to grow between the rows.

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